THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*

RELIEF AT LAST.

THE SIEGE OF STRALSUND.

CHAPTER XV.

OUR captain's wound proved not very dangerous after all. The treacherous blow from the unfortunate youth had glanced off from the helmet and given him a broad but not very deep scalp wound. It had, fortunately, bled a good deal. Roger had furiously resisted the surgeon's attempt at further bleeding, and had as good as taken the patient in hand himself, which he being a canny Scot, gave the wound a very fair chance of healing.

For the first week it was very delightful to lie under the shadow of the chestnut-tree and receive the visits from his comrades and friends, who kept him fully informed of all that went on in the town and outside it. And it was more delightful still to be administered to by that sweetest of all nurses, Helena, whose gentle ways would have reconciled him to a much harder position. After what had

happened, it would have been a wonder if these two had left unspoken what their every look and gesture said aloud. And yet some accident would probably have interposed between them in their mutual reserve and shyness had not the pastor, to whom the state of affairs had long been patent, assisted them in his own peculiar way.

There had been a little scene between father and daughter on the morning of the interview between Helena and her lover. When the latter left the house he so pitied the youth that he resolved to try and reconcile them if possible, for the old man was honourable, and would have done all in his power to fulfil his part of the bargain. But when he came to speak to his daughter he had not the courage to counsel her to marry Theodore. She had no mother, and although her father had endeavoured to fill the blank as much as it is in a man's nature to do, there are moments when his sturdier mind can scarcely comprehend the delicate workings of a maiden's heart. Leaning against his shoulder, she told him with many a half-reluctant sob her whole story—how on the previous night, when she had committed so great an indiscretion, as it appeared to others, his grave yet gentle words of reproach had shown her the real nobleness of his soul. And how that very morning, when she thought Theodore had killed him, her heart had told her that without him life would be blank. After that the honest pastor had not the heart to engraft his little bud on a stem it loved not, and he was relieved from all doubt when he was told of Theodore's deed that severed him for ever from those who loved him still, but loved him as one lost.

For the first week it was delightful to Wyndham to hear her pure and silver voice and listen to her little adventures on the quay. How she had managed to prepare everything for the poor Irishwoman, and how her heart had beat when they passed the gate alone; how they were almost discovered when the woman jumped into the boat and took the oars; and how thankful and yet ashamed she was when she went to the captain, which, after all, she need not have done; and how the whole was summed up in the assurance that if ever there was a woman that would risk her life for her or her friends, it was the wife of Joe Marks, the gipsy. Little did she know that it would soon be proved.

At the beginning of the second week Wyndham began to fret, and sorely wanted to be up and doing. His Swedish and Scotch physicians both refused permission, for although it was a good sign, he must remain quiet as long as he was not absolutely wanted.

At the end of the week he became rebellious, and insisted upon dressing himself. The Swede shook his head, but the Scot Roger, who knew his master better, shook his head the other way in a very determined fashion, not knowing Swedish, and said Yes. Wyndham accordingly got up and was heartily welcomed by all his comrades. The story of the origin of his wound, and the halo of romance about it, had been told by one to another until every one knew it, and his recovery was an event of some interest. Moreover, Helena, one of the few women who had courageously remained when most of her kind fled to Sweden, was greatly loved and admired in the town, and few could deny that the handsome Scot was better suited to her than the gloomy, unpopular, and haughty young Wechter.

The siege in the meanwhile had not progressed very actively as far as fighting went. After the sharp cannonade on the 12th of July, Wallenstein considered it better to let the city have time for deliberation, keeping up a lazy kind of firing to remind them that he was not asleep. He knew that he had an ally within the city that would do and was doing more than all his powder. That ally was starvation!

The duke's tactics were marvellously shrewd; he knew that there was scarcity of provision in the city. The weather was provokingly magnificent; not a cloud was to be seen in the sky; not a drop of rain fell. The wells that supplied the besieged began gradually to fail. The reservoirs were stagnant; their water useless. The wind being due south prevented any ships from approaching the city. The price of everything rose to a fearful height, that of the most necessary commodities of life rising to a fabulous sum. In vain did Wechter and other wealthy citizens open their warehouses to the poor. A pestilence broke out among them that carried many thin, wasting, starving victims to an early grave. The churches were full of people praying to God for relief. The ministers themselves felt the want as deeply as any one, and were at times hardly able to fulfil their duty.

With all this, the duke had the sense to keep almost perfectly quiescent. No furious storms, no incessant battering, no houses and magazines on fire, did he allow to intervene between them and their misery. There was nothing to draw their attention away from themselves; indeed, the soldiers on both sides were fast becoming friends as they walked their sentry-post on each side of the fosse. There were plenty of things the imperial had—such as bread and wine and meat. There was only one thing the Stralsunder had, and that he had in unlimited quantities—tobacco, which was coming into fashion with the Germans. These two, if they were at all able to understand each other, exchanged civilities and possessions, talked over the siege, when the imperial would take good care to extol the abundance in his camp, the pleasant life, and the leniency of the officers. Probably a few hours later they would meet each other in one of the frequent sallies with which Rosladin endeavoured to engage his men, and they would take their chance of killing each other if need be without further thought.

In the meanwhile the imperial reported to his captain that the Stralsunder was looking very thin, and the Stralsunder went home and told his comrades and friends that the imperial had everything of the best, and that they might have it too, and have the town once more what it was before the siege, if the burgomaster and the rich citizens would only give in. Consequently, night after night stormy meetings were held in the Rathhouse about the surrender. Negotiations had been commenced once more, Wallenstein this time making his conditions somewhat harder, and insisting upon a sum of money being paid him, and the town receiving a garrison of his own soldiers. At the same time his miners and sappers again began to work in the trenches, and his lines were drawing nearer and nearer. The population grew almost furious, and clamoured for consent. The magistrates hesitated, but refused. One thing still inspired them with hope. On the morning of the 22nd a little boat had arrived from the sea, rowed by a single man, from Stockholm. The dispatches which he bore were from the King himself, and from his chancellor, and they exhorted those of the city to keep courage, for a fleet with

plenty of provisions and 2,000 men, under General Leslie, was ready to sail as soon as the wind turned.

Thus Sunday, the 23rd of July, was passed; the weather insufferably hot and the sky above them blue and cloudless; the sea a perfect lake; the enemy drawing nearer and nearer.

"This will never last," said Wyndham to his friend, as they both stood on the quay and looked out to sea. "If we have no rain or change of wind within twenty-four hours we are lost."

The following morning, when they looked out of the window, they found the garden drenched with rain. The wind had changed. The imperial trenches were converted into heaps of slush, and had been abandoned during the night. In the rain that came pouring down during the next days Wallenstein broke up his camp, with the exception of the principal batteries occupied by Arnheim's men, and marched his army into Mecklenburg. On the 26th General Leslie arrived with his fleet, amidst the rejoicing of the whole populace.

Although the three gates were still threatened by Arnheim, the people flocked in holiday attire to the quay, and cheered the soldiers tremendously as they landed. Booths were erected on the jetties, and provisions given or sold as soon as they arrived. The danger was past, the people had gloriously done their duty, the famous Wallenstein had been defeated, and the town was as free and as strong as ever.

Amidst this summing up of pleasant things, it is sad to have to record one detail of sorrow that affects our story deeply.

On the 2nd of August, after General Leslie had reviewed the whole of the troops, he repaired to the Franken Gate to inspect the enemy's works, which had by this time been forsaken, Arnheim having withdrawn his troops during the night. It was, however, deemed safer to reconnoitre before trusting to the dangers of a surprise, and Wyndham was commanded to see that all was safe. Eager to be again employed on duty, and that under an officer who was almost like a father to him, he hurried away at the head of his volunteers to report what was considered a mere matter of fact. Those remaining behind eyed the troops with interest as they disappeared in the trenches, and would sometimes jump on the top of a rampart. Suddenly shots were heard and cries were raised, but ere any one could come to the rescue half the men were flying back to the city, pursued by Arnheim's cavalry. They reached the city more dead than alive, many of them seriously wounded, and all covered with the disgrace of having left their captain and half their comrades in the enemy's hands.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was but too true. As work after work, and trench after trench, of the enemy was passed, and each was found totally forsaken, the reconnoitring party lost some of the caution which should have been observed till the very last. Suddenly turning round the corner of a breastwork, one of the foremost men gave the alarm and sank down pierced with shot. Wyndham immediately called upon his men to stand firm, and listen to his commands only. It was his intention to retire to one of the abandoned works, and defend himself there till help should arrive. Unfortunately, his foot slipped on the slushy ground, he fell heavily to the earth, and the force of the fall, together with the effects of his late wound, deprived him of consciousness. His men fell into disorder, a panic ensued, and those who were not killed or wounded fled to the city. The soldiers that were sent to the rescue saw the dragoons gallop away with the prisoners before them on their saddles to where Arnheim's troops were encamping for the night.

When Wyndham opened his eyes it was night, though a fire close by him threw a strange light upon the objects that surrounded it. He lay for some moments perfectly still, and saw the stars twinkling above him, while the confused din and bustle around told him that he was in a camp. As his eyes grew more accustomed to the darkness, he saw the white tents everywhere and the bright fires in the distance, the dark figures which passed before them assuming a fantastic and unearthly shape. Moving very cautiously, so as to attract no attention, he contrived to turn himself round and face the fire already mentioned. It was surrounded by about twenty men, who were drinking, and some of them smoking, while all watched with intense anxiety the steam which arose in circles from a large iron pot hung up on the fire. He could see by the dress that the men belonged to a regiment of dragoons.

"Come, thou lazy dog," said one of the soldiers with an immense beard, accompanying the words with an oath, "if that supper be not ready when I have finished my pipe, I shall certainly split thy head."

In answer to this threat a little man, who was walking between the fire and a neighbouring tent, apparently superintending the cooking operations, turned to the first speaker, and began to utter a volley of abuse that made Wyndham shudder. But far from this being the case with the other part of the audience, they laughed, and applauded the fellow; and when, having worked himself up to a pitch of excitement, he drew a flaming piece of wood out of the fire and held it before his disconcerted antagonist's face, their mirth knew no bounds. Each had his own joke to fling at the first speaker, and the torrent of riotous and violent language which fell upon Harry's ear at that moment might well have caused him to start, had he not already known something of the composition of Wallenstein's army. There was one thing, however, that astonished him most of all. He had heard, or at least he fancied so, English and Scotch words mixed up with the German, and that in more voices than one. He scanned the several faces of those who sat turned towards him, and he felt sure that there were some of his countrymen amongst them, and though this gave him a severe pain, it was also a cause of pleasure, as it gave him hopes that he would be well treated. Resolving, however, to ascertain the truth first, he remained quiet and listened.

"Silence!" shouted the bearded object of their mirth. "We shall have the captain upon us, and then some other regiment will get the post of conveying these prisoners, which little holiday I would not lose for aught."

"Where are they going?" asked several voices.

"Oho! thou art getting inquisitive," answered the first speaker.

"I only want to know," said one, "because, if we are going the same way we came, we are more likely to starve than if we remained with the army."

There was a laugh amongst the men. Wallenstein had come to Stralsund from Frankfort, right through the territory of Brandenburg, and his way

could be traced by the devastated fields, burned villages, and other tokens of violence committed by his army. The soldier meant that he was afraid so little had been left that even they would not be able to keep themselves from starving.

"Don't be afraid," said the bearded one again. "I have not been quartermaster for ten years without knowing what to do. Joseph here can testify that he has never been without something wherewithal to make a supper, if he would only make it."

"Ay," said the little fellow, stirring the contents of the pot, "he's right there. He's the best quartermaster I wot of. He is the best actor, I believe, that was ever born. You should have seen one day how he played the prodigal son, and got the fatted calf indeed."

"Tell us, tell us," cried several voices at once.

"Well," quoth the quartermaster, stroking his beard, "since we are not likely to get our supper at all, I had better keep my mouth engaged on something. Before I served the duke, I served my Lord of Bavaria, a sorry scoundrel like myself and all of us. We betook ourselves to Bohemia, with orders, forsooth, to protect the inhabitants. Never were protectors so bitterly thanked as were we. And methinks not undeservedly at times, for we plagued them sore, so that anon a heap of armed peasants would pounce upon us and fight with scythe and bill-hook right bloodily, and oft drive us and ours before them.

"But it passed one day that we came upon a village called Luttig, wherein the peasants had armed themselves with matchlock and crossbow, and as they looked doughty men it seemed a dangerous thing to be annoyful to them, and we passed them by. But, lo! while we were yet venting our disappointment, we came upon a little church with a house beside it, built and situated in wondrous way, and then it suddenly occurred to me that this must be the house of an old comrade of mine who was killed, and whose name was Franz Zecker. I promptly hid my men in a little wood hard by, and knocking at the door asked, in a trembling voice, whether Franz Zecker lived there. They answered that he did. I entered, and made them believe that I was their runaway son; for, mark you, I was wondrous like him, both being as it were very handsome men, and I had not forgotten Franz's tale. Heigho! I got all I wanted, I warrant you, and, after supper, when they had all gone to bed, I oped the door for the other men and let them in. And we put sentinels to their several doors and threatened to shoot them if they stirred. And then we cleared the house of bread, meat, bacon, money, beer, and loaded our horses. But the servant-wench had contrived to drop herself out of the window, and had run to the village, which was about six or seven furlongs off, and we had great difficulty in getting clear of our pursuers, for we were overbulked with booty. The very hags came running out with scythes and pitchforks to kill us. But they had some reason to stay behind, too, for we had set fire to the old church, and we could see it flaring up behind us for miles. We have had many a good laugh over the affair since then."

Such acts of treachery, the mere recital of which is distasteful to modern ears, were too common in those days. The maxim that nothing is unlawful in war demoralised the common soldiery, and was held to justify the wildest excesses. In Wallenstein's army were some of the greatest ruffians in Europe, and no true picture of the times can wholly ignore these scenes.

"God forgive them their sins!" said a deep and earnest voice in German, close to Harry's ear, when the bearded monster had finished his tale with apparent satisfaction. Harry turned his head towards the side from whence these sounds came, and saw about two yards away from him several men in a sitting or lying position, some dressed as soldiers, others as civilians. The person who had apparently spoken the last words was, to judge by his dress, a Protestant clergyman. His grave and expressive face betokened at that moment a height of indignation and horror which well accorded with the feelings the fellow's tale had originated in his own breast.

"Hallo!" said one of the soldiers nearest to Harry, and who had heard the exclamation; "is our parson speaking again? What were you pleased to remark, Sir Longsermon?" he said, turning with mock politeness to the prisoner.

"I prayed that God might forgive all of you for taking part in such deeds or listening to such blasphemous language," said the undaunted man, in a firm voice.

"Blasphemous language!" cried the quartermaster, across the fire. "I would advise thee, my good sir, to hold thy tongue, unless thou wantest to be roasted on this fire. I desire no comments whatever on my language."

"My good friend," answered the prisoner, in a clear tone, "I earnestly beg of you to mend your ways while there is yet time."

The enraged quartermaster was in no mood for serious remonstrance. He frowned as he eyed the prisoner, who sat looking at the troop with a smile of pity upon his face.

"Look you, parson," he said at last, in a short and threatening tone, "we have had trouble enough with thee already. We want none of thy sermons, and if thou holdest not thy tongue I shall put the chains and screw-thumbs on to thee," and he accompanied his threat with a significant look.

"Nay," said the preacher, calmly, "ye would not have me be a coward, would you? When you see the enemy, do you put up your sword and fly, or do you draw it and fight as long as you can? Now within you I perceive the arch enemy, the destroyer of all life, who standeth between you and a merciful but a just God." He was proceeding in a strain of earnest expostulation, but before he could utter another word the quartermaster jumped up in furious anger, and stepping round the fire, he would have done the intrepid servant of Christ some grievous harm but for a fortunate circumstance. We have mentioned that Harry thought he had caught some English words amidst the confusion of tongues. At this moment his doubt became certainty.

As the ruffian was making his way to the prisoners, and those around the fires turned in that direction to see what he was going to do, the figure of a vagabond, which Harry had noticed some time previous, stepped in his way, and said, in a rich Irish brogue, "Come, now, captain, why not hold your tongue, and tell us another story, instead of striking a poor defenceless parson? Here, I have something to tell you; listen."

The quartermaster stopped and inclined his ear to the gipsy's lips. His face lit up with a smile of pleasure, and apparently forgetting all about the parson, he slapped the gipsy on the back, and ex-

claimed, joyously, "Wilt swear to that! Nine in the orbit?"

"I saw it myself," whispered the gipsy; "and so may your honour."

"Then I am off," cried the quartermaster, and ran away hastily.

This little scene had engaged the attention of those round the fire, and at the departure of the quartermaster the gipsy was called to the group and overwhelmed with questions.

"What is nine in the orbit, thou old deceiver?" cried one; "canst not make it ten for me, and I'll give thee a gold-piece?"

"That would do your honour no good," answered the vagabond, shaking his head mysteriously. "I cannot disclose my secrets to the uninitiated; but give me half a gold-piece, and I will tell you your fortune."

"Half a gold-piece!" cried another. "No wonder you fellows get rich. Here, Franz, I will tell you your fortune for less than that. I dare say I know as much about it as he does."

"Rich!" said the gipsy, shrugging his shoulders and pointing to his ragged clothes; "is this wealth? Even when we do happen to earn a few pieces, you steal them from us again. But I accept your offer, Herreke. Here is my hand, and if you can read my fortune I promise you half a gold-piece."

The soldier, taken at his word, had to confess his ignorance, and consented to have his own hand examined for a few kreutzer. One after the other now crowded round the gipsy and offered his hand. At last, when they had all been satisfied, he asked in a supplicating voice: "Will you also allow me to try the prisoners, Herreke?"

"Thou wilt be a clever fellow if thou canst find a single kreutzer upon them," said a soldier. "We took good care of that."

"A poor man knows what a poor man wants," answered the heathen; "the heavier a man's misfortune the greater his anxiety to know his fate, and if they do not pay me now, they may some other day fourfold. A grateful debtor is often worth more than a ready customer."

He now addressed himself to the prisoners, some of whom refused his counsel while others eagerly accepted it. When he came round to Harry he looked at his hand and said, "So young, so noble, so unfortunate! Surely the stars have something better for you in store?"

"Do you know Joe Marks?" whispered Harry, in English.

The gipsy's hand trembled slightly, and he cast a searching and distrustful glance at Harry. "And what if I did?" he asked.

"Tell him that you found me in this condition, and that I asked you to remind him of the Danhölm. My name is Captain Wyndham."

"He is in the duke's army at present," whispered the gipsy, "in the astrologer's service; but I shall not fail to tell him when I see him. You may be sure—"

"What is that thou art saying to the prisoner?" broke in the voice of the quartermaster, who had returned from his errand. "No secret dealing here, or—"

"Nay, captain," said the gipsy, turning round as he felt the soldier's hand in his neck; "was it not nine now? I am sure it was nine, and do not kill your benefactor entirely. But I have a word with your honour."

And drawing him apart, the gipsy spoke a few words in a low voice to the soldier. The way in which they looked at Harry convinced him that he was the subject of their conversation, and the respectful manner in which the quartermaster afterwards treated him, made it not unlikely that the gipsy had prophesied things of Harry which caused the soldier to look upon him as one to be respected rather than injured.

Harry now engaged the preacher's attention, and ventured to ask him how he found him thus chained to himself and a prisoner. The parson, who seemed well educated and a kind-hearted man, informed Harry that he was on a mission from the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel to Gustavus Adolphus, and had been seized by the imperials when he had nearly reached the sea. It was with much pleasure that Harry listened to his intelligent language, which spoke of a high-minded courage coupled with great simplicity and an earnest faith in God, and when, before going to rest, he asked whether Harry would not join him in his evening prayer, he consented with his whole heart, and found himself greatly relieved from the heavy weight of sorrow which rested upon him.

Thanks to the Irish quartermaster, they received some supper. Most of the soldiers round the fire had now wrapped themselves in their cloaks and gone to sleep, and following their example, Harry stretched himself out by the side of his new companion, and was soon forgetful of all his troubles.

BACHELORS AND SPINSTERS.

"I PUBLISH the banns of marriage between M., bachelor, and N., spinster," etc., etc. What is the effect of an announcement of this kind upon the parties interested, and upon those to whom they are known, either intimately or by name only? M., bachelor, is perhaps in one of the back seats of the church, and his friends look round at him with a smile. N., spinster, has not ventured to show her face or her bonnet, but remains at home wondering what folks will think and say about it; both perhaps have to encounter some chaffing in the afternoon. Among the neighbours the projected wedding is discussed, and the prospects of the happy pair talked over; and the tone that usually prevails is such as might have been expected if the event in question had been one of the most trifling and unimportant in character, instead of being, as it is, the most serious and anxious that can happen to any two persons in the course of a lifetime.

It has been remarked that the form of solemnization of matrimony in the Prayer-book begins with "Dearly beloved" and ends with "amazement;" and the suggestion has of course been made that this is a true description of the beginning and end of courtship and marriage. In some instances—in very few, let us hope—it may be so. "Dearly beloved" is a good beginning; there cannot be much happiness in wedlock without it. "Amazement" is the condition of those who have made a mistake, having wandered from the right path, and who find themselves entangled as in a maze, unable to get out of it or to rest in it,—the less we know practically of that state the better for us.

"For better for worse, for richer for poorer, till death us do part." Weighty, solemn words are

these, worthy of all the consideration that we can give them. Our happiness for time, and to a certain extent our welfare for eternity, may be said to depend upon the choice we make of our life-companion. Yet how often are courtships carelessly begun and rashly ended; how quickly are engagements made which are to be so close, so intimate, and so enduring. The whole thing is too frequently treated as a joke, an affair of cupids and valentines, and sheep's eyes and sheep's hearts—not real, but painted. From the time that a young couple are attracted towards each other, they find themselves exposed to a certain amount of ridicule and banter.

> "Down in a vale,
> Carrying a pail,
> Cicely was met by her true love, Harry;
> First they kiss't,
> Then shook fist,
> And looked like two fools just going to marry."

But is there anything ridiculous in true love? May not a young couple think or speak of marriage without being set down as two fools? Even at the wedding breakfast the greater part of the toasts and speeches are of a facetious and quizzical kind, or meant to be so. A telegram is sent to friends at a distance to announce the conclusion of the ceremony in some such form as this: "The trap is down;" or "Sorrow begins." The man is looked upon as a kind of victim—a wild elephant led into captivity by the allurements of a female, or a fox that has lost his tail. The woman also has her sympathisers, though she is generally supposed to have got the best of it; masculine philosophy alone knows why!

Of course this manner of jesting is mere surface merriment, and generally means nothing; but is it not a little out of place? Does it not lead young people to think less seriously than they ought of the bonds and obligations which accompany marriage? A well-considered and convenient wedding, a real "match," ought indeed to be celebrated with joyfulness. Our blessed Lord himself has taught us that by his example. The married life is the most natural and the happiest life, or ought to be so. Among all nations, and especially among the Jews, under God's own government, a state of "single blessedness," as it is now sometimes called, was always regarded as a state not only of misfortune, but of disgrace. Marriage is an honourable estate instituted of God in the time of man's innocency. Let us treat it accordingly. By jesting about it, and making light of it, we seem to profane that which God has sanctified, and to cast contempt upon that which he has honoured.

The "banns" published are of course the bands or bonds by which M. and N. are to be linked or tied together; or, in other words, the obligations, civil and moral, which they mutually take upon themselves. The terms bachelor and spinster are significant; and if the conditions which those two words imply were literally fulfilled in those who marry, there would be the better prospect of happiness for them after they are man and wife. Bachelors are supposed to be *Baccalaurii*, *i.e.*, crowned with a wreath of laurel berries, as the reward of diligence and application in the schools of learning. Our bachelors do not present themselves with this ornament upon their brow in the present day, or it might be interesting to observe how many of them have deserved it. The laurel berries are to be exchanged in wedlock for olive branches, and academic honours for social duties; and the same qualifications which have gained success in early years may be trusted to secure the same in after-life. The word has also been derived from *Battalarius*, one who has distinguished himself in arms; such a bachelor as this would be competent to defend his wife and children in troublous times, or, in a figurative sense, to fight against adversity. We would suggest, however, a better and more practical definition of the word, requiring only the change of a vowel, viz., *battelarius*, a good batteler, or batman; one who knows how to provide battels, baits, or bites for his household; a man of industrious and steady habits, who can earn a good living and support his family in comfort. Above all, let him not be *bottle-arius*, a great drinker, for then the future prospect would be bad indeed.

The word spinster speaks for itself; one who spins. Alfred the Great, in his will, calls the female part of his family the spindle-side. Spelman mentions one who had sculptured on his tomb eleven sons bearing swords (Battalarii), and eleven daughters with spindles (spinsters)—a goodly family to rise up and call him blessed. The word wife also betokens industry, being derived from "weave." The Anglo-Saxon version of Matthew xix. 4 is, "He worhte wæpman and wifman;" *i.e.*, He wrought them weapon-man and woofman, *man* being the common name of either sex, and the weapon, or the woof, the distinctive term by which the occupation of each is described. In the Book of Proverbs, the industry of a good wife is thus noticed: "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands." "She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff." Prov. xxxi. This was an occupation that even the highest of the dames of ancient times did not despise. Hector going to battle directs Andromache—

> "Hasten to thy tasks at home,
> There guide the distaff and direct the loom."
> —*Hom. Iliad*, 6, 49.

A dispute arising among some of the Roman nobles as to the relative merits of their wives, they agreed to visit them by surprise, and to judge of them by the manner in which they should be found employed. Lucretia, the wife of Tarquin, was discovered busily engaged with her wool, though at a late hour, sitting in the midst of her house, with her maids at work around her—a true spinster! It was a custom among the Romans when a bride was led home, to make her sit upon a fleece of wool and to take the distaff and spindle into her hand. If all the bachelors and spinsters whose banns or obligations are published were as well qualified to fulfil them as these names imply, one element, at least, of future happiness would be tolerably secure—there would not be much to fear from idleness, nor from poverty, its natural consequence. The bachelor would provide, and the spinster rule the house wisely, like a good chancellor, from the domestic woolsack, and the disagreeable old proverb would be but rarely fulfilled, "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window." Future prospects may in most instances be inferred from the history of the past. There ought to be some fruits of industry and prudence laid up both by bachelor and spinster before they become man and wife. A bachelor who has been accustomed to spend all his income or wages upon himself, will not have much to spare for a

family; and the spinster who has not practised economy and industry in her single state, will make but a poor mate, and be anything but a help-meet for her husband. Early and unprovided marriages are a great cause of poverty and misery in after-life. "Marry in haste and repent at leisure" has as much truth in it as any of our time-honoured proverbs. Yet we are far from endorsing the stereotyped advice to those who are about to marry—"Don't." On the contrary, our general recommendation would be "Do," only do it with reason; do it with serious and mature consideration; let there be as much common prudence exercised in this life-long bargain as in any of our daily engagements. Be not led away by fancy or passion, but consider well what is before you. Love at first sight may be very pleasant and romantic, but love for a life-time must be matter-of-fact. If love have no deeper root than a fair complexion and a pretty face, it will not last long. Better a well-considered marriage like those in patriarchal times, where bridegroom and bride had never seen each other, than a hasty match where the faces indeed are seen, but the temper, the disposition, and the heart are all unknown.

Above all, let every marriage be begun, continued, and ended in the fear of God. Although a natural and civil contract, and equally valid when celebrated before a registrar as before an archbishop, marriage has in all ages been accompanied by some religious element. It was ordained of God in the time of man's innocency. God made the woman to be a help-meet for the man; the Lord God brought Eve to Adam, and himself gave her away that she might be his wife. The words, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh," were spoken by God himself, as is evident from St. Matthew xix. 4. The unity of man and wife is expressed in the words "one flesh," and in the fact of the one being formed out of the other. "This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh," said Adam: "she shall be called woman (Ish-shah), because she was taken out of man (Ish)." "Ish-shah" was the only term used among the Hebrews for a wife. Thus the divine institution of marriage was commemorated in the very name and title of a married woman. The faith of Abraham and his servant when seeking a wife for Isaac, and their dependence upon Divine Providence for direction in their choice, show the importance which was attached in those days to the marriage bond. The servant prayed that God would make the choice for him; and when Rebekah was pointed out by the sign which he had desired, he acknowledged the divine gift, and bowed his head and worshipped. While this was going on abroad Isaac was waiting in the like spirit of dependence at home, meditating in the fields and holding communion with his heavenly Father. Even among the Romans no marriage was celebrated without consulting the auspices and offering sacrifices to the gods; and the gall of the victim was always taken out and thrown away, to signify the removal of all bitterness from the union of man and wife, reminding us of the apostle's precept, expressed in our English version in the hexameter line, "Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them" (Colossians iii. 19).

Let religion be not only an element, but a prevailing and directing power in all Christian marriages. Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers; let there be a good hope that those who walk together upon earth may sit down together in heavenly places, and that though death part them, eternity may bring them together again. Let the bachelor be one who can win his crown, fighting against sin; and who will labour not only for the meat that perisheth, but for that which shall endure unto eternal life. Let the spinster be careful not alone of this world's modes and costumes, but first, and above all, of that white raiment which is the fashion and the court-dress of heaven. In a word, let husband and wife seek together those blessings which God has promised to bestow upon a household ordered after his commandments, and endeavour so to live in this world, and so to bring up their children, that in the world to come they all may have life everlasting.

T. S. M.

PORT ROYAL.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK ARNOLD.

V.

THE remarkable occurrence that for a brief while stayed the rage of persecution was the so-called Miracle of the Holy Thorn. The subject of the supposed miracle was Marguerite Périer, the niece of Pascal, and it is without doubt that this marvellous cure had a material effect in drawing Pascal's mind to religion. The poor child had, since she was an infant, suffered from a lachrymal fistula, which no medical skill could cure. Now it so happened that at this time the convent was in temporary possession of a supposed relique, a thorn from the Crown of Thorns. It is hardly necessary to remark that there could not be any evidence for the authenticity of the relique, nor even, on the extreme supposition that there was, would there be any reason to accredit it with miraculous powers. One of the sisterhood, Flavie Passent, applied the thorn to the affected part of the child's eye. "Towards evening," writes Jacqueline Pascal, "Flavie, who no longer thought of what she had done, heard Marguerite saying to one of the little sisters, 'My eye is cured; it does not hurt me now.' The child's eye was examined, and it was found that there really was a cure. When the physician came he was utterly astonished, and said that such a cure could only have been miraculous." The news spread all through Paris. Five physicians and two surgeons, who had knowledge of the case, published a certificate stating their belief that such a cure "was beyond the ordinary power of nature, and could not have taken place without a miracle." The very officers who were ready to prosecute the Port Royalists for heresy verified the truth of this wonderful transaction. The child Marguerite survived to an extreme old age, and was regarded as an eminently good and religious woman. Years after Port Royal had ceased to exist, the case was cited as a proof that the age of miracles was not altogether gone by.

The healing of the child's disease at this opportune moment may certainly be regarded as extremely providential for the interests of Port Royal. Its effect was to arrest for years the threatened prosecution, and to give peace and quiet to the recluses of the valley and the sisterhood of the convent. The humble convent in the Faubourg St. Jacques became fashionable. Fifty carriages would stand before it

in a line at a time, and seats for its services had to be taken months beforehand. Among those who made a pilgrimage to the place was Henrietta Maria, the widow of the executed Charles. Peace and prosperity seemed once more to shine upon Port Royal. Those who do not believe in the continuance of miracles may yet fully believe in the efficacy of prayer and in an overruling Providence. In sorrow and trouble we may resort to the Almighty in prayer, through the new and living way open to us; and when all human hope seems vain, and all human physicians fail, the prayer of faith can raise up the sick. The answers to such prayers need not be esteemed miraculous because they are removed from the range of our existing state of knowledge. It is to be observed that the Sœur Flavie, who appears

PORT ROYAL CHAPEL.

very prominently in the narrative, is a very bad kind of witness in the case. She is a person who in subsequent days exhibited the grossest insincerity and ingratitude; she also made pretensions to miraculous powers characterised by gross falsehoods and deception; but it is not at all unlikely that a natural explanation may be found for this remarkable convalescence. Such a medical explanation may be seen in Mr. Beard's work, and is at least as satisfactory as any other theory that could be adduced.

The respite continued to the death of Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin. Then Louis XIV entered on that power which eventually became autocratic. The Jansenist controversy, that had been smouldering but not quenched, broke out afresh. The weak and bigoted king summoned a synod of the clergy, which drew up a test, with penalties for those who refused subscription, to be taken by all ecclesiastics, and by the members, male and female, of all religious communities in France. There were in reality two questions:—First, whether the Propositions were heretical; and, secondly, whether they were to be found in Jansen. Hence the famous distinction between the "fait" and the "fait droit." "The importance of this distinction," says Mr. Beard, "lay in its relation to the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. It was one thing to admit that the Pope was infallible in an abstract statement of Catholic faith, and quite another to accept as final his judgment in a matter of literary interpretation." But it was now affirmed, with wicked pertinacity, that the "Five Propositions," in their heretical sense, were to be found in the "Augustinus;" and this in terms which left no neutral ground for those who had not read the book, or who did not understand the language in which it was written. Then appeared the sturdy honesty of Port Royal.

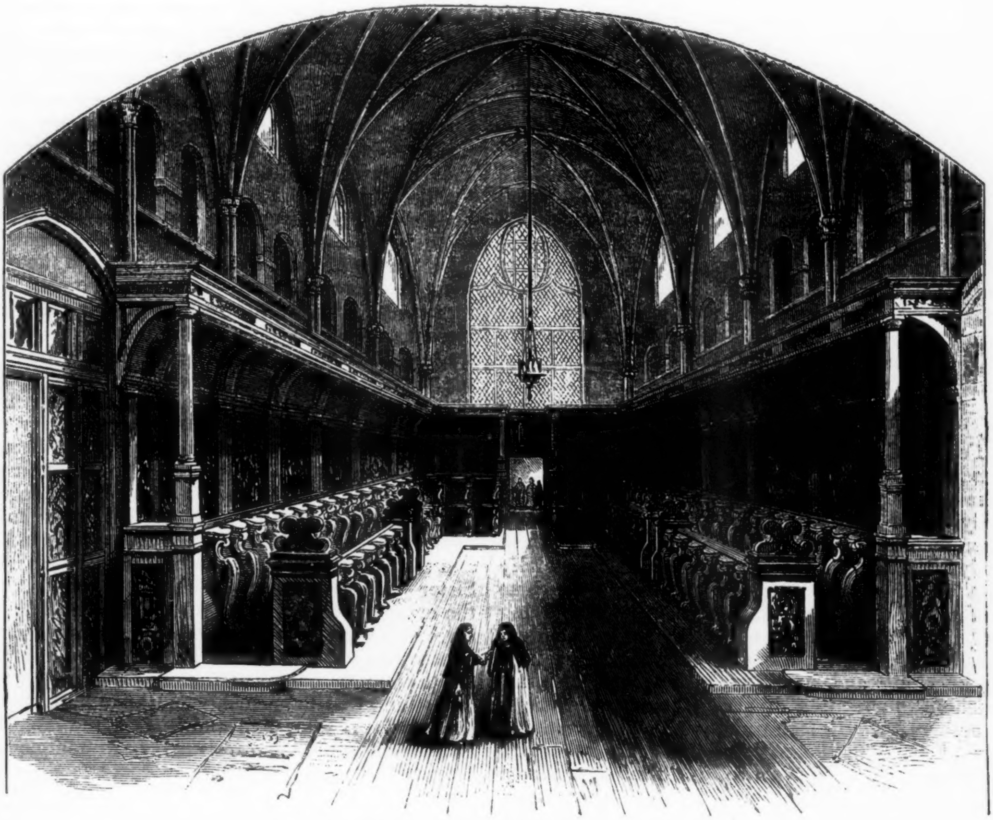
The new formulary which was to be signed by all ecclesiastics within the space of a month, ran as follows:—"I submit myself sincerely to the constitution of Pope Innocent X, dated May 31st, 1653, according to its true sense, which has been determined by the constitution of our holy Father, Pope Alexander VII, dated October 6th, 1656. And I acknowledge that I am bound in conscience to obey these constitutions; and I condemn with heart and mouth the doctrines of the Five Propositions of Cornelius Jansen, contained in his book, entitled 'Augustinus,' which these two popes and the bishops have condemned, the same not being the doctrine of Augustine, which Jansen has falsely expounded, contrary to the true sense of that doctor."

The obligation to sign lay with the nuns as well as with the secular clergy. Still for a time the formulary slept. It slept till the king took as his confessor the Jesuit Annat, who had always been the bitter enemy of Port Royal; the first of that disastrous line of Jesuit confessors who gave false peace to this cruel, bigoted, selfish voluptuary. The king's mind was thoroughly inflamed against Port Royal. Port Royal was convicted of heresy, and heresy was akin to treason. After Louis had thus fully surrendered his mind to Jesuit ascendency, he did not even wait for the formulary to do its work before he attacked the sisterhoods of Port Royal. The first order had been for the final closing of the schools. Singlin and De Saçi had thought it best to hide themselves from a probable *lettre de cachet*. Then came an order to dismiss all the boarders from both convents. Next came an order that the novices should be expelled. The king was bent on the thorough, if gradual, extinction of Port Royal. An ecclesiastic thoroughly opposed to Jansenism was appointed superior to the convent, although any such appointment in the lifetime of the superior was illegal. La Mère Agnes was in deep sorrow; all her protests were overruled by arbitrary power, and she could only leave her cause to that final tribunal that judges the iniquities both of kings and peoples.

We have had much to say respecting La Mère Angélique, her bright youth and energetic life. We must now turn to the story of her last days. The winter of 1660-1 she had spent at Port Royal des Champs in a very feeble and uncertain state of health. When she heard of the sorrows and calamities of Port Royal de Paris she determined to come up to the metropolis. On the 23rd of April, 1661, she took her departure from Port Royal des Champs. It was her last farewell to those most familiar scenes of her whole life. As she bade the sisterhood good-bye, she seemed to have a presentiment that they would see her face no more. She solemnly charged each to

be faithful to the end, and then prepared to leave the monastery. In the court of the monastery she found her brother, M. Arnauld d'Andilly, waiting to wish her good-bye and to help her into her conveyance. "Farewell, brother; be of good cheer!" she said. M. d'Andilly answered, "Never fear, sister; my courage is perfectly firm and undismayed." "My dear brother," she answered, "let us be humble; let us remember that as humility without constancy is vilely casting away the impenetrable shield of faith, so courage without deep self-distrust is that ungodly presumption and pride which cometh before a fall."

But the weeping and sorrow in the monastery still continued. Thirty-three children and some young girls, admitted as noviciates, were awaiting, in an agony of suspense and terror, the mandate of their expulsion. It was eight days before the more distant parents of children could arrive in Paris. The parents themselves were as sad as their children. Doubtless the more thoughtful of them would discern in this persecution of the righteous an evil augury of the times. One by one the young scholars departed. They had hardly done so, when the order came that all the novices and postulants should be expelled. This



CHOIR OF THE CHAPEL OF PORT ROYAL.

When M. Angélique reached her destination she found the streets crowded with an immense concourse of people, the gates of the monastery guarded by sentinels, and the courts full of armed men. She was taken out of her litter and carried indoors through files of archers. Then she found herself among the weeping sisterhood. "What, my dear sisters!" she exclaimed, "do I see tears here! Have you no faith? You have hope in God and yet you are fearful! Fear God and him only, and all will be well!" Then she clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven, exclaiming, "O my God, have pity on us, thy children. Vouchsafe to bestow upon us all that grace which may enable us from our very hearts to say, 'Father, thy holy will be done.'"

was another blow to wring the heart of Angélique. In all, seventy-five persons had been iniquitously expelled—scholars, novices, postulants. "At length our good Lord has seen fit to deprive us of all," wrote Angélique to Madame de Sévigné. "Fathers, sisters, disciples, children, all are gone. Blessed be the name of the Lord. We are persuaded that this heavenly visitation is an effect of the great mercy of God towards us, that it was absolutely necessary to purify our hearts, as with a refiner's fire, from its various corruptions. Believe me, if God has greater mercies in store for us, the persecution will go yet further. The most valuable proof of persecution is humility, and humility is best preserved in silence. Let us, then, keep in a state

of humble silence and dependence at the feet of the Lord, and let us seek from his goodness and mercy our support."

But though the courage of Angélique was high, and her trust and confidence in God unshaken, yet it became increasingly evident that her physical strength was breaking down. One day, as she was passing from the cloister to the choir, she sank fainting to the ground. She was borne to her bed, from which she never rose again. Her bodily sufferings were very grievous. Still, she rallied sufficiently to write her famous letter to the Queen Mother. So admirable was this letter, that it was thought that Arnauld, Singlin, and De Saçi must have combined in its composition. It stated the case of the sisterhood with calmness and moderation, and, at the same time, with singular pathos and eloquence. When she had finished the letter, she said to her nuns, "Now my earthly business is done." Many incidents of deep interest were told respecting the last days of Angélique. When she was asked what the sisters of Port Royal des Champs should be asked to pray for, she answered, "Let them only pray God to be merciful to me, and forgive my manifold sins." She would say, "The mercy of God! all is included in one word, mercy! Jesus! Jesus! thou art my God, my strength, and my justification." Some one mentioned an eminent Christian deceased. She said, "That dear Mère was very nimble and very humble, but I am neither." Her pains were very great, but she made little of them. "My dear sister, it is all nothing in the presence of eternity at hand." "It is the will of God," she said on another occasion, "and that is sufficient. Let us go straight to the Fountain, which is God himself. He never fails those who put their trust in him." One day some police officers passed through her cell. One of them kindly asked how she felt. She replied, "Like a person who is dying." "Do you speak of death so calmly?" this man inquired; "does it not terrify you?" "No," she replied, "since I only came into the world to prepare for this hour." The dying woman was told that the officers of the police were walling up some of the doors of the monastery. The knocking and hammering disturbed her last moments; the rattling of arms, the exclamations of the archers. One of the nuns with her could not contain her indignation at these outrages. "Surely," she said, "these men, who are thus inhumanly walling up our doors, are, at the same time, walling up the gates of heaven against themselves." Angélique answered, "My daughter, say not so; the ground and intention of their hearts are known to God alone, their Judge and ours. Let us rather join in prayer to the throne of mercy for them and for us." The nun was indignant that she should be deprived of the last offices of her Church. "My daughters," said the abbess, "I never placed any man in the stead of God! Blessed, then, be his goodness, I have now not man but God to depend upon. His mercies never fail those who believe and who place their reliance and trust in his name." One day, a lady hearing her pray, said to her, "My dear mother, you forget us; you are praying for yourself only." Mère Angélique then clasped her hands, and gathering all her feeble remains of strength, said, with the deepest emotion, "My God, have mercy upon them all! My God, I say upon all! Yes, upon every one!" The next day she called her little community around her, and said, "Adieu, adieu, my dear children; I am going to God." She then gave a few words of consolation to them, and her blessing, and summoned them severally, one by one, to take leave of them. Then she seemed to fall into a slumber, but in that slumber she slept the sleep of death.

The righteous are taken away from the evil to come. After the death of Mère Angélique, the persecution raged more grievously than before against the devoted nuns. The next eight years were a very agony to Port Royal. The sisterhood were willing to sign the formulary so far as a condemnation of the Five Propositions was concerned—propositions which by no means set forth the substantial teaching of Jansenism; but they could not admit that the Pope must be infallible in statements of fact; that a book contained these Propositions which they had not read and which they never could read, and which their friends, competent to judge, assured them contained nothing of the kind. What aggravated the sorrow of the community was that there arose a traitor in their midst. This was the Sœur Flavie Passent, who had declared that she had applied the "holy" thorn to the eye of Pascal's niece. Angélique had learned to distrust the clever Flavie's taste for the imaginative. One day, when the snow was lying on the ground, Flavie brought into the schoolroom a branch of a rose-tree with a full blown rose, and said that the leafless winter branch had budden and blown when suspended before the portrait of St. Cyran. Angélique gravely rebuked her for the falsehood, and never trusted her any more. She was removed from the care of children, and made a sort of housekeeper to the community. But Flavie's ambition was set on becoming abbess, and this was removing her from the groove of promotion. She commenced a course of intrigue against her benefactress. It might be possible for her to gain her ends by the means of the hatred of the Court and the archbishop to Port Royal and to Jansenism. Sister Flavie told the archbishop that she clearly saw the error of her ways, and that but for the dangerous teaching of the nuns she would never have embraced Jansenism. She suggested that she should carefully watch the proceedings of the nuns and bring word of everything that happened. So the unhappy woman became the regular tool and spy of the archbishop and the Jesuits. Scarcely was Angélique dead before the treason was commenced.

BERTRAM RAVEN:

A STORY OF COLLEGE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE LITTLE RIFT.

YES, no doubt there were grave faults in Mr. Raven's management of his boy. Friends staying in the house with him saw it; but Mr. Raven was not a man to whom advice would be likely to be offered. Cold-mannered and stern, reserved and silent; either without powerful emotion or greatly skilled in repressing its manifestation: the former, those said who knew him but superficially; the latter, those affirmed who were more nearly acquainted with him. At any rate, he was a man who invited no interference—nay, would, you felt instinctively, have brooked no interference with such private affairs as that of the management of his

own family and household. Not that he had any theory of education: no, he followed the bent of his own mind, and was swayed by the bias of his own character. A little more self-distrust, a little more realisation of his own weakness, a little more humble pleading upon his knees for aid from the Strengthener and Guide, and how many a cloud might have melted away that afterwards darkened his whole life!

In truth, it is a terrible thing to think of being entrusted with the education of children. Terrible even for the holy and the wise; so often they feel themselves to be inconsistent and failing in wisdom in their charge. How terrible, then, to think of the great number of foolish, worldly, not to speak of daringly wicked parents, to whom this solemn duty is entrusted. Themselves utterly untrained; creatures, it may be, of caprice; slaves, instead of masters, of their passions, their impulses; without any defined policy in their life; with no horizon for self or child beyond that of this present world. And these are to educate immortal beings for usefulness in Time, for happiness in Eternity! Vast mystery; only partly solved by the remembrance that the Spirit of God, the Christian's covenanted Guide, moves on the face of these worlds, over which, else, such a chaos broods. God will explain all, justify all, one day; especially he will not require to reap where he has not sown, for he is no hard master. But the subject is one, no doubt, concerning which we have to wait for explanation.

Mr. Raven was, in many respects, not a wise parent. And to former mistakes might, no doubt, be traced the miserable state of things which was aging him before his time. For, ah! how the black hair had grizzled, how the seams in the brow had been carved into furrows, during these last few years of bitter estrangement from his only son! Faults on both sides? Yes, and the far greater and worse faults on the young man's side—faults of temper and pride made more vile and hateful by that deep dye of ingratitude which must always stain rebellion of the son against a conscientious, if not an indulgent, father. But his bonny boy, the idol of his undemonstrative, his reserved heart—the light of his life, the apple of his eye! The man was silent about it. No human being had his confidence. Only the drear cold within was settling in hoar-frost upon the hair.

It was in their first little home that the child was born—their firstborn, their only child. Among the Surrey hills, between whose spurs lie secluded villages out of the line of the time's perpetual advance, continuing, in many respects, in their primitive simplicity of appearance and custom, nestling in the loveliest of scenery—there was he born. A love-match, Mr. Raven's had been; it had turned out not a discordant, still, not a happy match. A foolish and giddy girl fresh from the school-room; as people said, she had put on her first long frock to be married in. The first fascination passed, the straw and shavings burnt, there was no strong stuff in the character, nothing stable; no coals to kindle when the first light fuel of novelty had died out. Mr. Raven was a man of keen intellect, of deep study, but a reserved, a retiring man. A congenial companion for life would have drawn him out—have corrected many of the defects in his character But this girlish beauty was not, it appeared, that help meet for him. They got on well: she never sounded, never, perhaps, suspected, the depths of his nature; he, on his part, never revealed them. There *were* emotions, strong love, keen sensibility, in his heart. But in an atmosphere of frost, he instinctively and scarce consciously hid the blossom of his spirit, and none knew of its existence; few suspected it.

So it was a lonely life. And when the boy came, and as he grew, the somewhat moody man would begin to unbend. The sternness sometimes left him, the play of gaiety and joyousness smoothed the sort of settled anxiety or carewornness of his brow. And this happy change developed and increased as the boy grew up. He would have him in his Study by the hour together, the silent man, carefully providing playthings, simple, but sufficient—a box of tinned tacks, with a magnet, a very Arabian troupe; a store of glass seals, scrap-books, periodicals. The grave man became quite a servant to the child. Bitter was that week when, as children will have their changeful moods, the boy capriciously took a dislike to the Study and a distaste to his father, and the nails were put by, and the scrap-books reposed on their shelves; and the man looked really haggard and ill, while that caprice lasted.

But, even when, after this episode, peace was restored, the more genial condition of things lasted not long. The mother, a mere doll-woman, utterly mismanaged the child, as might have been expected. Indolently indulgent as a rule, and weakly allowing any evil seed to grow unchecked, she could be violent, when her own convenience or peace was upset by the turbulent spirit and exuberant life of "that tiresome boy." If, however, the quarrel were none of her own, and the child were punished, however justly, by his father, he well knew that when his back was turned, and mother and child were alone, all sorts of weak commiserations and silly concessions took place. And the knowledge of this, and the fear of the naturally injurious consequences of this treatment, made him stern, and sharper upon his boy's delinquencies than he would otherwise have been—fidgety, perhaps over-particular—cold in manner, stern, unallowing.

The mother could not dive to the source of all this. She would feebly lament it, even in the presence of the child. "He will never love you," she would say. "Never mind," the father would sharply return; "he shall, at any rate, *obey* me."

So the two were not at one with regard to the treatment of the boy. And, as the mother grew more and more weakly indulgent, and pettishly severe, so the father grew sterner, and more and more particular. So the child, perpetually reproved, began to shrink from him; his own nature was such that no more than this was required to make him retire into himself—become colder and sterner yet. The box of nails was soon laid by, the pictures remained untouched upon the shelf; no tiny hand knocked at the Study door, no little feet made music to the father's ear, pattering about his Study. The mother even made part with the child, when so the humour took her, against the father. Altogether, things were unhappy, and seeming not likely to mend. So time went on, and the child grew into the boy, and the boy went to school. The father took him there, saw to his comfort there, gave him money, lingered by him with a great hungry yearning at his heart. Yet no word of confidence or familiar love had passed between them. Advice had been given, and silently taken; and the boy's shy, repellent manner, his whole behaviour—ill at ease with his father—prevented the utterance of feelings pent within the father's heart.

So they stayed in the hidden wells, and never spilled over; and the words of admonition seemed hard and unsympathetic.

Misunderstood! misunderstood! Oh, are not parents, especially fathers, also liable to be misunderstood, as well as children?

So, when the holidays came, there was mostly a disappointment. No one could have guessed, from his cold demeanour—partly the result of pride, partly, strange though it seems to say so, of shyness—that that cold-mannered man had been all day unable to settle to anything. No one would have guessed that those stiff-seeming knees had bent in continual vehement prayer for the child, and that earnest eyes filled with tears had been raised to heaven for the little fellow's welfare.

Ah, could no angel have come between the boy and the father as interpreter, and have loosed the floodgates of that great love, and have taught the boy to understand his father? Such an angel should the mother be, in such a case; but in this instance it was not so; and the little rift widened, and the pitted speck crept on.

On one of these occasions even the hopeful anticipation was denied to the father. He had received a letter from the head-master, informing him that he had had cause of complaint against the boy (now in the higher forms), but that he preferred that Bertram should himself tell his father about the matter. We may as well here take a chapter from Bertram's school-days, and so introduce the boy, with his blemishes and virtues, to the reader.

Thus, then, the matter came about. It was a Sunday. Now, when Bertram first went to school, he was mindful of the instinct, as it were, which had accrued from the lessons and practice of home.

Thus, on a wet Sunday, when, from some reason, the school had not only been kept from going to church, but had been left without even any home service in the morning, as a matter of course, Bertram Raven took out his Bible, and a little book his father had given him long ago, and began to read by himself the psalms and lessons for the day. He did it merely as a matter of course, not as being anything heroic. It was in the chief school-room, at his desk; and, before long, the other boys being busy with a hundred trivialities, and growing wearied out with their condition of having nothing to do, spied the "new boy" quietly and absorbedly reading, his head on his hands, and crept near and peeped over his shoulder. A shout of laughter first made him aware of their attentions; he was wrapt in the history part of the Old Testament, and had gone on from chapter to chapter, following the story of Elisha. The mischievous instinct of the boys did not, at this time, take the form of bullying; their disapprobation vented itself in raillery, and, to his indignation, in insulting treatment of the sacred volume itself.

And, had this small persecution lasted, it might have been the better for him. A sort of passion for his dear book, that he had ever been accustomed to revere, possessed him at sight of this insult. He could have cried to see them outrage it. He hugged it to his own heart the more.

And so things went on for some time. Had he become unpopular, had the tide of school opinion set against him, it had, perhaps, been better for the lad; he had, maybe, clung then the closer to that which was his life. But it did not happen so. He was one of those boys who, as boys or men, have always a rare fascination when with their equals,—something unnameable, undefinable, but something very subtly powerful, in fact, irresistible, and always easily victorious. So he gained in influence in the school; his "eccentricities" were condoned; he was not persecuted, but treated with good-humour—perhaps the north-east wind would have made him clasp that cloak closer from which the warm sun parted him after awhile.

Let us look at him when a fifth-form boy, and contrast the picture with that which pleased us when he was first at the school.

"Tell Raven to come to me after dinner."

This short mandate was issued, after morning service one Sunday, by the head-master.

Of course it was obeyed, and Bertram stood face to face with Dr. Wiseman in the little study in due time. The Doctor said first a few kindly words, about the approaching holidays, about home, etc. Then he turned and looked the boy in the face. "I do not think you have got on," he said, "of late years, my boy. I am not speaking" (for the boy, taken by surprise, and misunderstanding him, began to stammer),—"I am not speaking of your school-work; I know that you have taken six prizes this Christmas. I know that both in talent and in application you are an honour to the school, an example to your schoolfellows. But I am speaking of more important things than these."

There was silence for awhile. The boy stood, half-puzzled, half-intelligent. The master paused, as though under the sway of an emotion that for the moment overcame him.

"I remember," he almost directly resumed,—"I remember to have heard of a brave boy who cared enough, at his first coming to school, for his Bible and for the Christian Sabbath, to dare the scorn of the whole school for his Lord's sake. Do you remember such a one? And now, Raven," he said, abruptly, "tell me what book that was which you were studying to-day in church, with bent head, during the lessons, during the prayers, during the sermon, in place of your prayer-book?"

Downcast eyes, a colour over the cheek, a low voice, but a fearless confession. "It was Walter Scott's 'Marmion,' sir."

"Now, my boy, consider, not only the insult you have thus offered to God, the fearful deterioration in your own self, but also the evil done to your schoolfellows by such a decadence after that first brave profession. For me, I say no more. I forbear to reproach you; you can gather, from what I have already said, what is my opinion. I shall plead with my God for you, and, meanwhile, I lay on you this light burden. Your father is your natural and best adviser; he is a wise and a good man. He must know of this sin of yours. I will not tell him, but require that you should yourself confess your fault to him. His kind and tender advice will be given to you at once; the trouble in your heart at the effort of telling him of this matter shall be your penance. I shall merely mention, in writing to him, that such a matter there is. And now go to your place in the school."

Now, would you not have thought that this matter, thus treated, would have prospered, as the good doctor wished and expected? and that contrition on one side, and earnest, strong advice on the other, would have sent the boy back to school

with a "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy"? For when I fall, I shall arise.

Not so. The trouble in the father's mind chilled his reception of the son. Part shyness, and part pride, kept the boy from confession. Colder and sterner grew the father's manner at this, and a sort of resentment gathered in the son's heart. He told the whole matter to his mother; and she would have been her son's mouthpiece to the father's ear, but he sternly commanded silence on the subject. From none but his son would he accept the confidence. And the feeling on both sides rankled. The holidays became a burden to the boy, always overclouded as they were with his father's displeasure. No amusement was withheld from him—it was not thus that Mr. Raven showed his disapprobation. But there was a bar between them; the father gave always a cold hand instead of a warm embrace to his boy at night and morning; no jest was ever interchanged, no smile lit the furrowed gloom of the face.

Just before his return to school, Bertram, as in duty bound, and in order to fulfil the task set by the head-master, declared the matter to his cold-mannered father. It was done, however, not gracefully; mechanically, almost sullenly. The father would fain have drawn the boy to his heart, have spoken to him yearningly, tenderly. But a look at the downcast face and set brow froze the expression of this feeling; the words, intended to be kind, were in sound icy and severe. The gap was becoming fixed between father and son.

THE VOLCANOES OF HAWAII.

I.

THE Pacific Seas have produced quite a literature since the days when Mr. Ellis first published his "Polynesian Researches," a work which has passed out of the knowledge of ordinary readers, but has permanent historical value. The wonderful conquests of Christianity, the gradual civilisation of savage tribes, and the romance of tropical beauty in these "summer isles of Eden," as well as the revival of the slave-trade in their midst, and the necessities of commerce and colonisation, which would make them a place on the world's highway, have all combined to attract attention. Within the last few years, several volumes have been dedicated to the Sandwich Islands alone, which, though belonging to the North Pacific Ocean, yet have affinities of race and language and history with the groups of the South Seas. We have now "The Hawaiian Archipelago,"* from Miss Isabella Bird, the author of "The Englishwoman in America," who has long been known as an observant and enterprising traveller; and it must be said that few books of recent travel equal in interest or vigour of description this last contribution to our knowledge of these regions. The main charm of this latest volume is in its presentation of nature, which here includes strange contrasts of beauty and sublimity, of luxurious fruitfulness and awful desolation. We are taken through tropical scenes of dreamy splendour, to stand by seas of fire and witness such exhibitions of volcanic force as the world can show nowhere else. The narrative is in the form of letters sent home, and has the freshness and glow of keen enjoyment; indeed, if the book has a fault, it is that it is coloured a little too brightly with the enthusiasm of first impressions. Simple and unconstrained as are the letters, they abound in eloquent passages, and we feel, in the presence of the scenes they portray, as if reading a prose poem in which nature appears fair and unfathomable beyond all human words. There is no lack of personal adventure, and there is a fringe of lighter interest around the grander facts described in the glimpses we get of the people of the islands.

It was at Honolulu, the capital of the little kingdom, where there is a large population of foreign residents, that Miss Bird first landed, after voyaging from New Zealand; and the account which she gives of hotel life in that town forms a suitable introduction to her experiences, and is curiously characteristic of the change which has come over the islands since their conversion to Christianity and civilisation within the last fifty years.

AN HONOLULU HOTEL.

"Our drive ended under the quivering shadow of large tamarind and algaroba trees, in front of a long, stone, two-storied house with two deep verandahs festooned with clematis and passion-flowers, and a shady lawn in front. I felt as if in this fairyland anything might be expected. This is the perfection of an hotel. Hospitality seems to take possession of and appropriate one as soon as one enters its never-closed door, which is on the lower verandah.

Everywhere, only pleasant objects meet the eye. One can sit all day on the back verandah, watching the play of light and colour on the mountains and the deep blue green of the Nuuanu Valley, where showers, sunshine, and rainbows make perpetual variety. The great dining-room is delicious. It has no curtains, and its decorations are cool and pale. Its windows look upon tropical trees in one direction, and up to the cool mountains in the other. Piles of bananas, guavas, limes, and oranges decorate the tables at each meal, and strange vegetables, fish, and fruits vary the otherwise stereotyped American hotel fare. There are no female domestics. The host is a German, the manager an American, the steward an Hawaiian, and the servants are all Chinamen in spotless white linen, with pigtails coiled round their heads, and an air of superabundant good-nature. They know very little English, and make most absurd mistakes, but they are cordial, smiling, and obliging, and look cool and clean.

The hotel seems the great public resort of Honolulu, the centre of stir—club-house, exchange, and drawing-room in one. Its wide corridors and verandahs are lively with English and American naval uniforms, several planters' families are here for the season; and with health-seekers from California, resident boarders, whaling captains, tourists from the British Pacific colonies, and a stream of townspeople always percolating through the corridors and verandahs, it seems as lively and free-and-easy as a place can be, pervaded by the kindliness and bonhommie which form an important item in my first impressions of the islands. The hotel was lately built by government at a cost of 120,000 dols., a sum which forms a considerable part of that token of an advanced civilisation—a national debt. The minister whose scheme it was seems to be severely censured on account of it, but undoubtedly it brings

* The Hawaiian Archipelago. Six Months among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands. By Isabella L. Bird. Murray.

strangers and their money into the kingdom, who would have avoided it had they been obliged, as formerly, to cast themselves on the hospitality of the residents. The present proprietor has it rent free for a term of years, but I fear that it is not likely to prove a successful speculation either for him or the government. I dislike health resorts, and abhor this kind of life, but for those who like both, I cannot imagine a more fascinating residence. The charges are 15 dols. a week or 3 dols. a day; but such a kindly, open-handed system prevails that I am not conscious that I am paying anything! This sum includes hot and cold plunge baths *ad libitum*, justly regarded as a necessity in this climate.

Through the half-closed jalousies we see bread-fruit trees, delicate tamarinds and algarobas, fan-palms, date-palms, and bananas, and the deep blue Pacific gleams here and there through the plumage of the cocoanut trees. A soft breeze, scented with a slight aromatic odour, wanders in at every opening, bringing with it, mellowed by distance, the hum and clatter of the busy cicada. The nights are glorious, and so absolutely still that even the feathery foliage of the algaroba is at rest. The stars seem to hang among the trees like lamps, and the crescent moon gives more light than the full moon at home. The evening of the day we landed, parties of officers and ladies mounted at the door, and with much mirth disappeared on moonlight rides, and the white robes of flower-crowned girls gleamed among the trees, as groups of natives went by speaking a language which sounded more like the rippling of water than human speech. Soft music came from the ironclads in the harbour, and from the royal band at the king's palace, and a rich fragrance of dewy blossoms filled the delicious air.

These are indeed the 'isles of Eden,' the 'sun lands,' musical with beauty. They seem to welcome us to their enchanted shores. Everything is new, but nothing strange; for as I enjoyed the purple night, I remembered that I had seen such islands in dreams in the cold grey North. 'How sweet,' I thought it would be, thus to hear far off, the low sweet murmur of the 'sparkling brine,' to rest, and

'Ever to seem
Falling to sleep in a half-dream.'

A half-dream only, for one would not wish to be quite asleep and lose the consciousness of this delicious outer world. So I thought one moment. The next I heard a droning, humming sound, which certainly was not the surf upon the reef. It came nearer—there could be no mistake. I felt a stab, and found myself the centre of a swarm of droning, stabbing, malignant mosquitos. No, even this is not paradise! I am ashamed to say that on my first night in Honolulu I sought an early refuge from this intolerable infliction in profound and prosaic sleep behind mosquito curtains."

The Hawaiian Archipelago includes twelve islands, of which only eight are inhabited. Their formation is altogether volcanic, and, as Miss Bird reminds us, they possess "the largest perpetually active volcano and the largest extinct crater in the world." She wisely took the first opportunity of proceeding to Hawaii, and making acquaintance with the wonders of Kilauea. On her passage, she thus describes

WINDWARD HAWAII.

"When the sun rose amidst showers and rainbows (for this is the showery season) I could hardly believe my eyes. Scenery, vegetation, colour were all changed. The glowing red, the fiery glare, the obtrusive lack of vegetation were all gone. There was a magnificent coast-line of grey cliffs many hundred feet in height, usually draped with green but often black, caverned and fantastic at their bases. Into cracks and caverns the heavy waves surged with a sound like artillery, sending their broad white sheets of foam high up among the ferns and trailers, and drowning for a time the endless baritone of the surf, which is never silent through the summer years. Cascades in numbers took one impulsive leap from the cliffs into the sea, or came thundering down clefts or 'gulches,' which, widening at their extremities, opened on smooth green lawns, each one of which has its grass house or houses, *kalo* patch, bananas, and cocoa-palms, so close to the broad Pacific that its spray often frittered itself away over their fan-like leaves. Above the cliffs there were grassy uplands with park-like clumps of the screw-pine, and candle-nut; and glades and dells of dazzling green, bright with cataracts, opened up among the dark dense forests which for some thousands of feet girdle Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, two vast volcanic mountains, whose snow-capped summits gleamed here and there above the clouds, at an altitude of nearly 14,000 feet. Creation surely cannot exhibit a more brilliant green than that which clothes Windward Hawaii with perpetual spring. I have never seen such verdure. In the final twenty-nine miles there are more than sixty gulches, from 100 to 700 feet in depth, each with its cataracts and wild vagaries of tropical luxuriance. Native churches, frame-built and painted white, are almost like mile-stones along the coast, far too large and too many for the notoriously dwindling population."

Kilauea, which unlike our European volcanoes that have their times of eruption and sudden spasms of fierceness, with intervening months of quiescence, is in a state of perpetual fury, ever-changing, never-resting, "raging for ever with tossing and strength like the ocean." We think chiefly of the cones of a volcano; but here we have a flaming lake in a great abyss which opens on the flank of Mauna Loa, at a height of nearly 4,000 feet. The scene breaks suddenly upon the traveller, for "until you reach the terminal wall of the crater, it looks by daylight but a smoking pit in the midst of a dreary stretch of waste land." But such a pit! "It is nine miles in circumference, and its lowest area, which not long ago fell about 300 feet, just as ice on a pond falls when the water below it is withdrawn, covers six square miles. The depth of the crater varies from 800 to 1,000 feet in different years, according as the molten sea below is at flood or ebb." This lake, the Hale-mau-mau, or House of Everlasting Fire, of the Hawaiian mythology, the reputed abode of the goddess Pélé and her fiery companions, was the scene of the exploit of Kapiolani, the Christian heroine who defied their power. After following a lava flow for thirty miles up to the crater's brink, and a toilsome descent of three hours over recent lava, the glorious vision came in sight.

HALE-MAU-MAU.

"Suddenly, just above and in front of us, gory drops were tossed in air, and springing forwards, we

stood on the brink of Hale-mau-mau, which was about thirty-five feet below us. I think we all screamed, I know we all wept, but we were speechless, for a new glory and terror had been added to the earth. It is the most unutterable of wonderful things. The words of common speech are quite useless. It is unimaginable, indescribable, a sight to remember for ever, a sight which at once took possession of every faculty of sense and soul, removing one altogether out of the range of ordinary life. Here was a real 'bottomless pit'—the 'fire which is not quenched'—'the place of hell'—'the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone'—the 'everlasting burnings'—the fiery sea, whose waves are never weary. There were groanings, rumblings and detonations, rushings, hissings and splashings, and the crashing sound of breakers on the coast; but it was the surging of fiery waves upon a fiery shore. But what can I write? Such words as jets, fountains, waves, spray, convey some idea of order and regularity, but here there was none. The inner lake, while we stood there, formed a sort of crater within itself; the whole lava sea rose about three feet; a blowing cone about eight feet high was formed, it was never the same two minutes together. And what we saw had no existence a month ago, and probably will be changed in every essential feature a month hence.

What we did see was one irregularly-shaped lake, possibly 500 feet wide at its narrowest part, and nearly half a mile at its broadest, almost divided into two by a low bank of lava, which extended nearly across it where it was narrowest, and which was raised visibly before our eyes. The sides of the nearest parts of the lake were absolutely perpendicular, but nowhere more than forty feet high; but opposite to us on the far side of the larger lake they were bold and craggy, and probably not less than 150 feet high. On one side there was an expanse entirely occupied with blowing cones and jets of steam or vapour. The lake has been known to sink 400 feet, and a month ago it overflowed its banks. The prominent object was fire in motion, but the surface of the double lake was continually skinning over for a second or two with a cooled crust of a lustrous grey white, like frosted silver, broken by jagged cracks of a bright rose colour. The movement was nearly always from the sides to the centre, but the movement of the centre itself appeared independent, and always took a southerly direction. Before each outburst of agitation there was much hissing and a throbbing internal roaring, as of imprisoned gases. Now it seemed furious, demoniacal, as if no power on earth could bind it, then playful and sportive, then for a second languid, but only because it was accumulating fresh force. On our arrival eleven fire fountains were playing joyously round the lakes, and sometimes the six of the nearer lake ran together in the centre to go wallowing down in one vortex, from which they reappeared bulging upwards, till they formed a huge cone thirty feet high, which plunged downwards in a whirlpool only to reappear in exactly the previous number of fountains in different parts of the lake, high leaping, raging, flinging themselves upwards. Sometimes the whole lake, abandoning its usual centripetal motion, as if impelled southwards, took the form of mighty waves, and surging heavily against the partial barrier with a sound like the Pacific surf, lashed, tore, covered it, and threw itself over it in clots of living fire. It was all confusion, commotion, force, terror, glory, majesty, mystery, and even beauty. And the colour! 'Eye hath not seen' it! Molten metal has not that crimson gleam, nor blood that living light! Had I not seen this I should never have known that such a colour was possible.

The crust perpetually wrinkled, folded over, and cracked, and great pieces were drawn downwards to be again thrown up on the crests of waves. The eleven fountains of gory fire played the greater part of the time, dancing round the lake with a strength of joyousness which was absolute beauty. Indeed, after the first half hour of terror had gone by, the beauty of these jets made a profound impression upon me, and the sight of them must always remain one of the most fascinating recollections of my life. During three hours, the bank of lava which almost divided the lakes rose considerably, owing to the cooling of the spray as it dashed over it, and a cavern of considerable size was formed within it, the roof of which was hung with fiery stalactites more than a foot long. Nearly the whole time the surges of the farther lake, taking a southerly direction, broke with a tremendous noise on the bold craggy cliffs which are its southern boundary, throwing their gory spray to a height of fully forty feet. At times an overhanging crag fell in, creating a vast splash of fire and increased commotion.

Almost close below us there was an intermittent jet of lava, which kept cooling round what was possibly a blow-hole, forming a cone with an open top, which, when we first saw it, was about six feet high on its highest side, and about as many in diameter. Up this cone or chimney heavy jets of lava were thrown every second or two, and cooling as they fell over its edge, raised it rapidly before our eyes. Its fiery interior, and the singular sound with which the lava was vomitted up, were very awful. There was no smoke rising from the lake, only a faint blue vapour, which the wind carried in the opposite direction. The heat was excessive. We were obliged to stand the whole time, and the soles of our boots were burned, and my ear and one side of my face were blistered. Although there was no smoke from the lake itself, there was an awful region to the westward of smoke and sound and rolling clouds of steam and vapour, whose phenomena it was not safe to investigate, where the blowing cones are, whose fires last night appeared stationary. We were able to stand quite near the margin, and look down into the lake, as you look into the sea from the deck of a ship, the only risk being that the fractured ledge might give way.

Before we came away a new impulse seized the lava. The fire was thrown to a great height; the fountains and jets all wallowed together; new ones appeared and danced joyously round the margin, then converging towards the centre they merged into one glowing mass, which upheaved itself pyramidally and disappeared with a vast plunge. Then innumerable billows of fire dashed themselves into the air, crashing and lashing, and the lake dividing itself recoiled on either side, then hurling its fires together, and rising as if by upheaval from below, it surged over the temporary rim which it had formed, passing downwards in a slow majestic flow, leaving the central surface swaying and dashing in fruitless agony, as if sent on some errand it failed to accomplish."

Varieties.

Hans Christian Andersen.—His talk was always like that of an ideally-gifted child—question, narrative, fancy, but never meeting, or going with, or borrowing from, other minds. He would begin to tell a story—after a few minutes' abstracted gazing at some little object, a straw, a pebble, no matter what —most commonly a toy or a flower—and pour out his fancies in the plain, unadorned forms of the Danish, his voice exquisitely modulated with every emotion or meaning, and his great, ugly, ape-like hands, which looked as if nothing that they touched could escape sullying or destruction, deftly cutting out the quaintest designs in paper, with wonderful rapidity and delicacy, as he spoke. He loved children, storks, and flowers, with something approaching passion, of which, otherwise, there was no trace in him. To children he yielded place, which no "big people" ever expected from him. He would bear interruption by a child, and patiently answer its questions, always becoming more childlike himself in doing so; he understood children and they understood him, after the occult fashion of the higher animals, and he might be commonly seen built up in a bower of children, with one on each foot—where there was plenty of room for it—and an outer edge of them as the less privileged audience. To them he was "Dear And'sen," too, and a playfellow; also a confidant and helper. Many a tooth has been extracted, many a dose of medicine administered, under the influence of a story from Andersen; and the Copenhagen children's favourite toys are the personages of his stories made in terra-cotta. Andersen never invented a story or created a personage to frighten a child or to produce any feeling of suspense or repulsion.—*Spectator.*

Religious Denominations in Ireland.—The Irish census extended to religion, and the result is a list of nearly 150 forms of faith. Nine-tenths of the people range themselves in five classes: 4,150,867 Roman Catholics; 667,998 Protestant Episcopalians; 497,648 Presbyterians; 43,441 Methodists. The remaining 52,423 belong to "other denominations." Among them are 1,538 Covenanters; 2,600 Brethren and Christian Brethren, the majority of them women; 6 Exclusive Brethren, 3 of them women; 40 Non-Sectarians; 4 Orthodox; 5 Christadelphians; 5 Humanitarians; 44 Christian Israelites; 33 Mormons, and 10 Latter-day Saints, 17 of them women. A few call themselves followers of some more or less known man: there are 10 Darbyites, 9 Puseyites, 6 Walkerites, 5 Morrissonians, and 1 Kellyite. There are 60 Freethinkers; 49 persons of "no denomination"; 16 Deists; 6 Theists; 1 Atheist; 8 Secularists; 1 Materialist. When we come to count "single persons," we are in a labyrinth of varieties. There is an Idimite; a Reformer (a woman); a disciple of "natural religion," and another of "Positivism, or the religion of humanity"; a philanthropist; a saint of no sect; a protester against all priestcraft; a Latitudinarian; a Socialist; a Sabbatarian; a Buddhist; a Mussulman; a True Moslem; a Confucian; a Pagan. Four men and one woman describe themselves as "undetermined" or "undecided"; and there remain, after all, 830 males and 214 females whose religious profession is entirely "unspecified."

Perfumery.—A single manufacturer of perfumery (Hermanne) at Cannes uses annually 140,000lb. of orange blossom, 129,000lb. of acacia flowers, 140,000lb. of rose leaves, 32,000lb. of jasmine flowers, 20,000lb. of violets, 8,000lb. of tuberoses, besides rosemary, mint, thyme, lemons, citrons, etc., in proportionate quantities. Nice and Cannes together consume annually over twenty tons of violets; Nice alone 190 tons of orange blossom; Cannes over 150 tons of acacia flowers.

Coaching Reminiscences.—An "Octogenarian" relates in "Land and Water" some incidents of coach-travelling in olden days. "In the year 1809 I remember going from Bath to London by the then favourite coach named the Royal Blue, which left Bath at four in the afternoon, and expected to arrive at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill (since immortalised by Dickens in "Nicholas Nickleby") early next morning. Nothing more than usual delays in changes of horses and refreshments occurred, and we actually arrived at the celebrated Saracen's Head the next day at four o'clock in the afternoon, just twenty-four hours, being at the astonishing rate of travelling at four and a half miles per hour, including stoppages. Upon returning to Bath I had recourse to a day coach, which started from the Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet Street, at five o'clock in the morning, professing to arrive in Bath the same day. 1809 is remarkable as the year of the unfortunate Walcheren expedition. Upon application the day previous for an inside place, I was informed the inside places were all taken for some days in succession. I had, therefore, to put up with an outside place, although it was the middle of December, consoling myself that, it being a day coach, no great harm would follow, but I was miserably deceived. We did not reach Salt Hill, twenty-one miles from London, until ten o'clock, where the passengers breakfasted; darkness had set in before we reached the well-known Pelican Inn, Speenhamland, where the passengers dined. I was so perished with cold that one of the passengers, an officer just returned from Walcheren, kindly lent me his warm military cloak, which, he observed, did him valuable service in the cold swamps of Walcheren. Enveloped in the warm folds of this cloak, I was better prepared for travelling over the bleak Wiltshire downs. We reached Devizes about ten o'clock, nineteen miles from Bath, where we arrived at two o'clock the next morning! Coaching rapidly improved; the enterprising proprietors of the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch Street, and the Charing Cross Hotels (Chapman and Horne), came into competition with the Saracen's Head and Bolt-in-Tun, and by adopting shorter stages, and other improvements, soon accomplished a quicker rate of travelling; whilst the turnpike roads, hitherto repaired with large stones and round pebbles, and badly drained, were brought under the skilful management of McAdam, and vastly improved under his careful superintendence. McAdam's orders to the labourers were that no stone should be larger than would go into their mouths. Instead of filling up holes and ruts with large stones, as formerly done, the whole surface was lifted and covered with small stones, which soon amalgamated and presented a level surface. Longer distances were accomplished by day coaches. Bristol, Exeter, Shrewsbury, and other places were reached the same day. Provincial towns followed suit. The Hirondelle, from Cheltenham to Liverpool, is worthy of notice; its success soon brought a competitor, the Hibernia; the former started from the Plough Hotel, the other from the Royal Hotel, on the opposite side of the road. The distance, 134 miles, was generally accomplished in fourteen hours. Great interest was attached to these coaches at the time of starting (seven o'clock), and the one which got away first kept the lead. It was an understanding that no attempt be made to pass each other; the only opportunities for reversing the lead was at stoppages and changing horses. The former seldom occurred; the latter was performed with great celerity—not only a man to each horse, but one to each trace and buckle—they were off again in a few seconds. The York House day coach from Bath to London also deserves notice for speed and regularity. I recollect a journey by that coach, and remember its respectable coachman and excellent horses. The change at Marlborough was remarkable, the coachman, pointing to the church clock with his whip, called attention to the time. The horses started in full trot, which was maintained without a break or touch of the whip until we arrived at Calne (twelve miles). The coachman pointed to the church clock of that town—just one hour!"

The Philanthropist Howard.—We get an interesting glimpse of John Howard in the recently published Memoir of Mrs. Barbauld. She writes, in one of her letters:—"Mr. Howard left us yesterday, to the great regret of all who had the happiness of his acquaintance. He is indeed an astonishing person: where could we find another who would incur the expense, fatigue, and danger which he has done, in visiting three times over every prison in England, besides many in foreign parts; where, one who has brought his appetites under such subjection as to be able to live almost without eating? He takes nothing but a dish of tea or coffee and a mouthful of bread and butter till night, and then eats only a few potatoes and drinks nothing but water; and yet he never seems to want either spirits or strength, and is a most lively, entertaining companion." He once told them that wishing, whilst in Paris, to see the Bastille, he made inquiries for that purpose, and finding it quite impossible to obtain an order, he determined to try without one. Accordingly, he boldly drove up to the gates in a handsome carriage and four, with several servants in livery, dressed, himself, like a gentleman of the court. Stepping out of the carriage with an air of authority, he desired to be shown over the building. The officials, taken by surprise, and never doubting from his deportment his right to be obeyed, permitted him to examine everything he chose.